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# AMERICAN ART JOURNAL.

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HENRY C. WATSON Editor.

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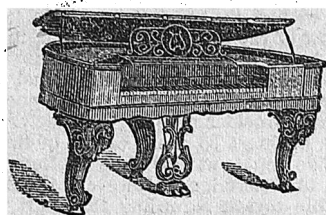
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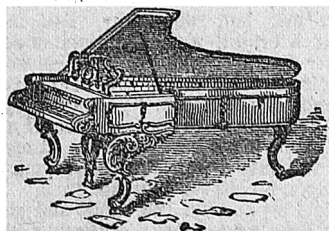
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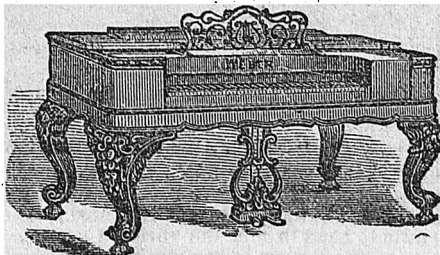
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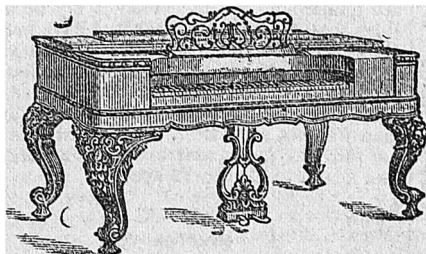
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## THE TWO BROTHERS.

### An Artist's Story.

#### CHAPTER VI.

After a few days, I called upon Chojnacki, to inform him of what had transpired. When he heard that Boyno had gone, no one knew whither, his rage knew no bounds. He paced the room like a caged lion, cursed and swore, stamped with impotent passion on the floor, and groaned aloud from very anger and disappointment.

"For ten years" he exclaimed bitterly—"for ten summers, winters, springs, autumns, I've sought that man and traced him like a bloodhound from place to place, and he has escaped me. We have been in the same city, in the same street, in the same boat at sea, and yet have never met face to face. And now when we were in the same house, the same accursed fate has stepped between us. But I'll find him yet, coward, traitor that he is; were it even to the gates of death and hell, I'll track his footsteps yet."

"M. Chojnacki," I asked quietly, "answer me one question. Has this man committed a crime against God or man, that you seek him and hate him thus?"

He glared at me for an instant, and said, fiercely—

"What right have you to ask me?"

"A very natural one; it is the duty of every honest man to bring the criminal to justice."

Without replying, he walked up and down the room for a few moments, with folded arms and scowling brow.

"You Englishmen are a cold-blooded, mechanical set," he answered at last, with a short—

sinister laugh. "If a man murder another, he is set aside as a villain and hanged outright; but if he wrong you to the death, and yet does not affront the law, though the stones should cry to heaven, he passes through life as innocent. That man has done me such an injury that I could curse every hair of his head and have a thousand to spare; yet he never attempted my life, he never stole a sou from me, he never called me a liar—bah! he has done nothing. Why do I hate him?"

"Why do you hate him, M. Chojnacki?"

"Why do I hate him? Man! how dare you ask me this? I have the same right to hate him as you have to breathe the air; to the last moment of my existence I'll hate, hate, hate him still. And, for the injury he has done to me, for the hell to which he has brought my soul, I will have my revenge yet."

There was a long pause, during which he seemed to cool a little; and though he continued to mutter a few words at intervals. I saw that the first impetuosity of the storm had spent itself. Wishing to obtain if possible, some insight to this singular history, I waited in the hopes of bringing him to a yet more amenable temper.

"Let us speak of the matter in a business-like way," I said, with some show of indifference. "The man is gone—you desire to find him. If I wished to assist you, how can I do so unless I know his real name and one or two other circumstances which, I suppose you are able to inform me."

"You cannot assist me—how can you? Trust me, he will never return to his old quarters; I know him better than you do; and, if he did, how am I to know but that you would serve him as you served me before? He can take a thousand names, turn to a thousand trades; but, if he could turn to a thousand shapes, I would find him—by heavens I would!"

"Well allow me to wish you success, M. Chojnacki," I said taking my hat. "Good-morning."

He fastened his eyes upon me with a sharp wistful look, as if I were in some sort a link to the object of his search.

"You need not wish me success till I begin my task again. I am obliged to stay in London a few days longer. Shall I see you again?"

"As you please."

"Then call in, one evening."

"Willingly."

We touched hands and parted. How blessed seemed the light and noisy life of the open street! There was something in the mere presence of that man that chilled your blood, and almost appeared to stop the beating of your heart. His face was different in some respects from Boyno's; the one was sensual, whilst the other might almost be called intellectual; Chojnacki's was darker, fiercer, more passionate than Boyno's; whilst, at the same time, it had more physical strength and greater regularity of feature; indeed, he might almost be considered handsome, yet the very beauty of his face was inexpressibly repellent. Both the men were mysteries—which of the two was the greatest, it seemed impossible to decide.

Meantime, the strange story regarding the picture, the circumstance of Chojnacki's appearance at the exhibition rooms, coupled with Boyno's flight, had got afloat, and was in everybody's mouth. In one respect, for myself, it was the luckiest thing in the world. Crowds gathered each day round "Lara," and it soon sold at an extraordinary price, being looked upon as some mysterious affair. I had visitors innumerable to inquire about what I was as ignorant as themselves, and heaps of fanciful notes from inquisitive lady authoresses, asking equally puzzling questions. As to Miss Matilda and Gina, it was their firm belief that Chojnacki, for some private spite, had murdered Boyno and buried him in a cellar. The tears of these silly, kind-hearted women were unceasing, for the man's chivalric manner and friendless condition had canonized him as a saint in their hearts at once.

After a few days I called upon Chojnacki, but the visit was not a pleasant one. He evidently had a grudge against me, as having been the means of preventing his long-sought, passionately cherished opportunity and gave me no hint as to his future movements.

"It," he said, at parting, "if, what I consider impossible, he should return to England, or otherwise cross your path, a letter addressed to me, at No. 9 Rue St. Anne, Paris, will reach me. But, I dare say, you will not be inclined to take any trouble about the matter, and I don't see what reasons you have for doing so. Interest and fear are the only rulers of the world. However, you have shown friendliness to me and I don't wish to appear ungrateful. Let us have a cigar and then part good friends."

The next day he set out for Paris, and so every link which connected me to the mysterious pair seemed to be broken. Not quite. I drew this conclusion too rapidly.

#### CHAPTER VII.

One morning I received the following note, accompanied by a small sealed paper:

"To MR. ARTHUR BROCKLEBANKE.

"Should you ever again meet the individual whose portrait you have painted in your picture of 'Lara: a Study,' you are entreated most earnestly to hand to him the enclosed packet. The writer is unknown to you, but trusts to your faith as a gentleman and to your honor as an Englishman, to fulfill a sacred trust committed to you by one, who, perhaps, may never have the opportunity of showing gratitude, but who will be eternally grateful."

So! more mysteries; will they never end? I turned the sealed paper over and over again in my hand, utterly puzzled. It looked to be merely a sheet of letter paper with writing on one side, neatly folded and sealed with a plum seal. On the outer side was written, "Rome, May, 1832. O. de C—."

The envelope directed to myself, had only a London postmark upon it; what did all this mean? Was it from Chojnacki?

I was too busy, however, to waste time in conjectures, for it was on the eve of my visit to Rome, and I was intent upon preparations. My heart yearned to Italy as the Swiss pines for his home, and dreams innumerable of turquoise skies, glittering marble, crystal waters and (so, oh! reader, do all our thoughts tend downwards) future fortune. Well, pardon me, for my wants are numerous, and my brush is my bread; besides heaven be thanked for it, I have not myself alone to work for; my little orphan sister at school has only her brother Arthur to look to for protection, and my beautiful bright-eyed cousin Alice has promised to be my wife. Happy the man who has such ties. To him labor is no longer toil, but glory, and every day's work brings him nearer to his heart's heaven.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

I am in Rome! From my window I look upon the ruined glories of ancient Italy, and the squalid degeneration of Italy as it is to-day. Well, why should I feel a disappointment at heart? Is not ever so? Napoleon died at St. Helena—the miserable whining beggar who sits on the step of my door is a descendant of the Cæsars; and Lord Macaulay tells us that the great ugly London, of whom we English are so proud, shall one day be a heap of ruins, among which New Zealand artists shall sit and sketch! Very possibly; but it is not the ruin, the breaking away of stone and marble of Rome that gives you a sickness at heart—it is the common fate of all things, to pass away, as Horace used to ding into my ears at school (how I blessed him!) "*Ingenda tellus et domus*" &c.; it is the degradation of old age that disgusts—and the slavery!

We have a lovely sky to-day, beneath which

the marbles gleam and the shadows deepen, making pictures everywhere. At present I have been a mere idle lounge, for the climate does not suit me, and I have a kind of a low fever for several days. A poor young English girl was carried to the Protestant burial-ground to-day from the same complaint—the horrid laxative air. But I am quite well now, and feel that I can begin to work; therefore, I will not dwell upon a fear.

I have found a window on the terrace, at the back of the house, which commands a glorious view of the Appian Way, and here my artist eyes wander wistfully. That grand and immeasurable perspective of antique monuments of every form and dimension have a character and profusion far beyond words to describe, and the breadth and coloring of the background makes a picture to drive a painter wild. A picture did I say? It makes pictures without number.

About three weeks after my arrival at Rome, I received a note from an English lady of wealth and title, to wait upon her at the Palazzo Castiglione, regarding some water-color drawings she wished me to execute. This lady was the widow of the Earl of Milroy; and, in England, I had heard of her art-loving, protuse disposition, her beauty, her eccentricities and her riches. Why she should single out myself, poor, unknown Arthur Brocklebanke as the receiver of her favors, amongst so many others of the profession of wide repute at this time in Rome, I was at a loss to determine. However, I did not much trouble myself regarding that part of the business, and only to glad at the prospect of speedily earning a little money, betook myself to the Palace without delay.

I was shown into a morning-room, furnished with blue and white velvet, and painted in the most voluptuous and delicious style of Italian artists. An easel stood in one corner, on which was a half finished sketch of the Lake of Nemi, in dreamy twilight coloring—too morbid, perhaps, but soft and pleasing. Books were scattered about the room, and I noticed amongst them several volumes of George Sand, Bulwer Lytton, Byron, Shelly and others of the more passionate poets and novelists of England and France. Musical instruments were placed in niches, and everything betokened the presiding influence of a luxurious and cultivated mind.

"You ought to be a happy woman, Lady Milroy," thought I, as I gazed around on so much wealth and elegance; "Just so charming a home as this should I like to give my Alice—"

As I apostrophised thus, the door opened and the Countess entered. She advanced slowly and gracefully, with her large swimming eyes fixed upon me, half doubtfully, half inquisitively, whilst a bright, womanly, genuine smile played on her lips.

"Mr. Brocklebanke," she said in the sweetest accents of the South, "you are very welcome. It is good of you to come so soon; I am grateful, for I am dying of impatience to get my pictures—ah! you have a portfolio under your arm; I insist upon seeing the contents."

I laid my case on the table, and she took out each drawing by turns, criticising it in a quick, enthusiastic way, and pointing to every beauty or defect with the most beautiful hand it has ever been my lot to see. She praised liberally. "There is one question I must put to you, Mr. Brocklebanke, and one fault I must find throughout all your pictures: why are you so sad and tranquil always? Have you abjured sunlight, and dashing water and sparkling skies—must you always be wandering by unruffled lakes beneath sombre skies?"

I took the picture from off her easel.

"Here, at least, you have felt the same inspiration—the very beauty of the land has a sadness in it."

Her dark eyes softened to a momentary expression of grief.

"Don't speak of it," she exclaimed, "It gives me too much pain. And why grieve for that which no tears can alter? The land of poets and

painters and myrtle flowers, the Italy of palaces and orange-groves is ours—why not forget the rest? Ah! my poor sketch spoils the lovely Nemi, it is too dead and gloomy—I must try again; and that deep blue misty effect of mid-distance, do tell me how to get it Mr. Brocklebanke."

I gave her the best and shortest directions that I was able, but she shrugged her shoulders with a pretty coquettish *mon* of despair.

"I cannot remember technicalities, I can only learn by the aid of eyes; will you give me a few lessons whilst I stay here?"

"I shall only be too proud to do so," I said, bowing.

"Very well, then, I shall be glad of your instructions, for I have much neglected my paintings lately (in England one can do nothing), so come, if you please, to-morrow evening, at six o'clock; and, meantime, let us arrange about my pictures. I must have several views from my windows here; and I discovered a lovely little bit of scenery yesterday, which I am sure will enrapture you. But now, would you mind walking around the palace and fixing your stations? You will find me here on your return, and you must report all your plans."

She then rang for a servant to act as my guide, waved her hand with a little imperious nod, as much as to say, "Now go, and mind what you are about;" and curled herself up on a couch, making a beautiful picture as she lay there with her shining gold-brown hair flung so wantonly over the pale blue velvet pillow.

Yes! she was unmistakably lovely, and her loveliness was of that piquant and varying kind that most bewitches. Now her dark voluptuous eyes are suffused with tears of momentary sadness—now they sparkle and glow in an ecstasy of enthusiasm; for one instant a shadow of thought spreads over her face, in the next to be melted by a wild merry laugh. There was not a feature that did not tempt you to look and to look again. The soft dewy eyes—eyes that changed in their expression at every impulse of thought—the dark radiant complexion, the delicately-formed nose and smiling imperious, rose-red lips—Lady Milroy, I shall be a miserable man till I have painted your portrait!

Her figure, too, was of that full and rounded type which is far more enchanting than the slenderness of girlhood; every line, every movement was full of grace and perfect self-possession; and around all, around looks words and actions, played at times a somewhat of coquetry that would have bewitched Zeno.

## CHAPTER IX.

I now spent a part of each day at The Palazzo di Castiglione, and two or three times a week I gave Lady Milroy a water-color lesson, in her morning room. Those were delightful hours. She had a wonderful gift in conversation, and threw over every topic such a hue of playful vivacity, that it made your pulses beat more freely and gladly to hear her. Listening to her sweet, Italian words and looking upon her fair face made you feel as if earth were lovely and life divine. Then would come the low carolling laugh and the vain, coquettish smile, to break the spell and warn you that she was a true woman—nothing more.

Well, I scorned temptation—why should I not? Was I not a poor artist, without fame or rank or fascinations?—was I not betrothed to my gentle Alice, and did I not love her with all the depth and faithfulness of my sturdy English heart? Yes! I felt that I was secure, and was proud in my very humility. Yet at times, when Lady Milroy would lay her small, white hand upon my arm, and raise her tender, passionate eyes to mine, saying those kind things which a rich and titled woman of thirty can say with impunity to an ambitious artist of twenty-four—at such times I confess that the blood rushed to my brow and my heart beat quickly. Then the thought would come—am I right in being here?

But her very friendliness and kindness gave me

a feeling of security; besides, honor, love, duty, rank—pshaw! what temptation could break such barriers? And, on the other hand, was I not right in accepting the favor and friendship of so valuable a friend?

One day as I was giving her a lesson, our conversation turned to picture-galleries and picture-dealers in England.

"Bye-the-bye," she asked, abruptly, "What became of that picture which people made such a fuss about in the Academy Exhibition last summer? It was a terrible thing, but very clever, and was an impersonation of one of Byron's characters; you must know all about it."

"I suppose I must," I answered with a smile; "I painted it."

"Did it sell?"

"Yes to Mr. Ashly Berners. And did you see it, Lady Milroy?"

She continued painting, and said, carelessly, "I believe I did; but one forgets such things, and it's not that kind of picture that takes my fancy. Please, what color must I put in for this cloud Mr. Brocklebanke? Ah, what were we talking of."

"My picture of 'Lara.' You were remarking that it was not the kind of subject to take your fancy—"

She shrugged her shoulders and knit her brows.

"No; I like beautiful, good, bright-colored things; but that dismal one seemed to bring you luck. I heard a curious story about some man shaking his fist at that very same horrible picture of yours in the exhibition-room. Was it true?"

"Perfectly."

"And I also heard he called upon you, desiring to hear who had sat for the portrait. Was that true, also, Mr. Brocklebanke?"

"Quite true, Lady Milroy."

"And stay—I heard a great deal more. Did not the sitter, and also the man who sought after him, disappear? and did not some one deliver to you a letter to give one of them?"

I started to my feet.

"Who could have told you? I do not remember speaking of the subject to any living being."

"From whom I had the intelligence I really cannot remember; but," she continued looking at me with a bright little smile and blush, "when one hears so many gossipies and slanders, who can remember from whence they come? And now Mr. Brocklebanke, be good-natured, and gratify my curiosity. Did you or did you not, receive such a mission?"

"I did—a sealed letter. Is it not delightfully mysterious?"

"Have you never found the person to whom you were directed to give it?"

"Never; I hope to do so, however, some day." She turned to me quickly: "you know where he is then?"

"Indeed, I do not, Lady Milroy, any more than I know why you are putting cobalt in your foliage instead of olive-green."

"I am tired, and it is too warm to work this evening; that is why, Mr. Brocklebanke. And don't scold, please; but just wash it out, and put all to rights. That's very nice, go on, and I will watch you."

So saying, she threw herself back in her chair wearily, and urged me by entreaties and commands to proceed with her work.

"You have made me break rules, Lady Milroy," I said, as I went on; "I make it a custom never to assist my pupils."

"But I must be assisted. Oh! if I could but paint as you do, Mr. Brocklebanke, I would give half my wealth; it must be a glorious thing to be an artist!"

"To hear you say so makes me hold my art nobler still," I said, with an effort; "but to your own life, Lady Milroy, it could add but few attractions. It is only the poor, the friendless, and the unloved, who want something to worship and cherish, and follow through all toils and privations and disappointments. Your life is beauti-

ful and complete; you have taste, generosity, beauty, wealth. Without such presiding influences as these, the artist's life would be barren indeed."

She rose and walked to and fro in the room, whilst her eyes lit and her cheeks glowed.

"But what is all this to the power of genius and the glory of ambition? A fool may scatter gold amongst descendants of kings—no, no, Mr. Brocklebanke, do not talk to me of wealth, and generosity, and patronage; what is that to the consciousness of talent and the pleasure of reputation? Oh! it is good to be admired and sought after."

How beautiful she looked, then! her eyes wild with excitement, her burnished hair flung off the white temples, and her whole frame thrilling with passionate enthusiasm of her nature. Then, after a few moments, the long eyelashes drooped, the bosom seemed to heave, the white hands unclasped, and fell listlessly by her side.

She approached the easel, and touching my arm, said, somewhat sadly:

"If I cannot possess your gift, Mr. Brocklebanke, at least teach me to appreciate it. But you shall paint no more to-day, you look pale and overworn already."

Again she laid her hand upon my arm, with that half imperious, half tender touch. Why did I start and turn pale and hesitate? Arthur Brocklebanke, be proud!

(To be Continued.)

## LITERARY CURIOSITIES.

The quaint Bulwer (not the modern one) in his *Anthropometamorphosis* (a pretty long word) gives three rules for feasting, "*Stridor gentium altum silentium—rumor gentium*," which some wag translated "work for the jaws—a silent pause—frequent ha-has."

It appears the Romans never appreciated the dish or turtle soup. Juvenal says, "*Nemo, inter curas et seria, duxit habendum qualis, in oceanum tutius, estudo nataret*," which paraphrased would read thus: "None have yet found it worth serious thought, how large a turtle may, at sea, be caught." A knight describes tortoises "as to suffice two men with ease to sit, and so strong, as to carry them;" but he adds, "sailors affect to eat them, but are better meat for hogs in my opinion."

Poggio tell us that Zisca, the reformer of Bohemia, had so savory a taste that he only asked for his share of plunder what he was pleased to call "the cobwebs, which hung from the roots of farmer's houses," meaning the hams, gammons, sausages, and pigs cheeks, for which Bohemia was celebrated.

Cardinal Francis Maria de Brancaccio, in the year 1666, wrote a treatise to prove that the drinking of chocolate could not be said to occasion the breaking of a fast.

Quin, the wit and epicure, dined one day with a celebrated duchess of the reign of Queen Ann. To the surprise of Quin she helped herself to the leanest part of a haunch. "What! and does your grace eat no fat?" "Not of venison, sir." "Never, my Lady Duchess?" "Never, I assure you." Quin, not being able to restrain his genuine sentiments, said, "By G— I love to dine with such fools!"

Pliny accounts for the invention of sculpture thus: Dibutades, the fair daughter of a celebrated potter of Sicyon, contrived a private meeting with her lover. After a prolonged stay the youth fell fast asleep; the nymph, however, whose imagination was more alert, observed that by the light of a lamp her lovers profile was strongly marked on the wall, picked up a piece of charcoal and traced the outline with such success, that her father, determined, if possible, to preserve the effect. With this view he formed a kind of clay model from it, which first essay had the honor to be preserved in the public repository of Corinth until the day of its destruction by Mummius Achairus.